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A Rural Number

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Bridging the Chasm

Helen K. Kim, Ph. D.

Rural Problem—A Model Village

F. L. Borland

The Second Stage in Rural Work

Hugh H. Cynn, LL. D.

Rural Products that We Enjoy

Mrs. R. K. Smith

Hand Picked Apples from God's Garden

Cyril Ross

AUGUST, 1933.

SEOUL, KOREA.

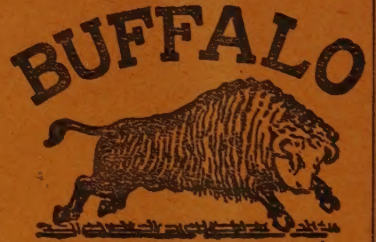
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Contents for August, 1933.

ILLUSTRATIONS :

Some Ewha College Students	Frontispiece
Class of Village Girls with Ewha College Student Teacher	do
BRIDGING THE CHASM													
Miss Helen K. Kim, Ph. D.	155
DO YOU KNOW ?	156
THE RURAL PROBLEM—A MODEL VILLAGE													
Rev. Frank L. Borland	157
YOUNG KOREA FINDS THE WAY (Continued)													
Rev. W. J. Anderson	159
TO SERVE HIM													
A Poem	162
THE SECOND STAGE IN RURAL WORK													
Hugh H. Cynn, LL. D.	163
WHAT IS INTERESTING THE KOREAN CHURCH													
Extracts prepared by Rev. B. F. Hunt	164
RURAL PRODUCTS THAT WE ENJOY													
Mrs. R. K. Smith	165
RASPBERRIES IN WINTER													
Mr. Hong No Lee	166
HAND-PICKED APPLES FROM A GARDEN OF GOD													
Rev. Cyril Ross	171
IN MEMORY OF DR. WILLIAM JAMES HALL													
Address by Rev. W. A. Noble, Ph. D.	173
NOTES AND PERSONALS													
Prepared by Mr. Hugh Miller	176

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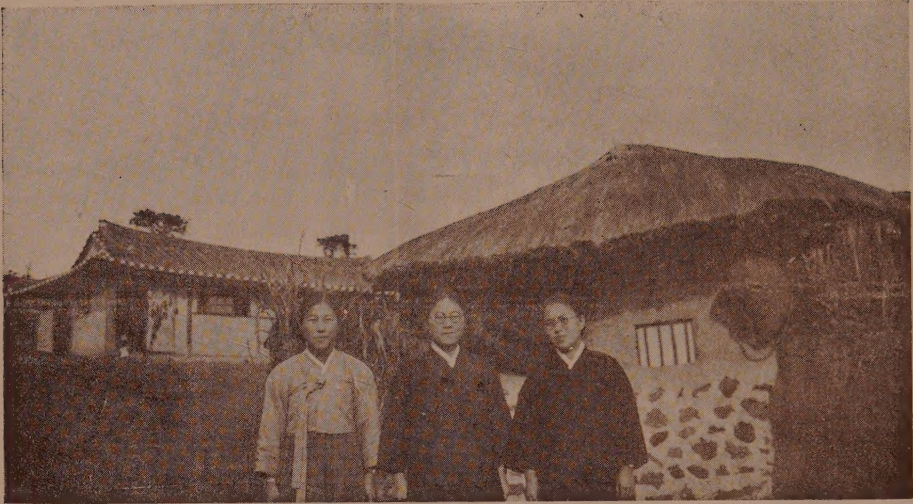
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KEIJO, CHOSEN



SOME EWHA COLLEGE STUDENTS
in the village where they spent all their Sundays last year



A CLASS OF VILLAGE CHILDREN
with the Ewha College Student who is their voluntary teacher every Sunday in the year

THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

A Monthly Journal of Christian Progress

Issued by the Federal Council of Evangelical Missions in Korea

VOL. XXIX.

AUGUST, 1933

No. 8

Bridging the Chasm

HELEN K. KIM, PH D.

THE MOST CASUAL observer of Korean life is aware of a chasm now existing between the College girls and the rural women of Korea. The former live in the present twentieth century while the latter still abide in the bygone days anywhere from fifty to four thousand years ago. Categories of thought, modes of living and desires of the heart of the two groups are as different as the night from the day and the earth from the heaven. And yet they are all Korean women!

The College girls are aware of this situation. Furthermore, they realize that they are of the fearful minority while the others form the overwhelming majority. There needs to be a merging of interests of the two groups before the oneness of Korean womanhood can be established. The new women do not think that they should go back to the old life, nor do they feel that the rural women should keep the *status quo*. While fully acknowledging the unique contribution of the rural women, they feel the responsibility of taking the initiative for closing up this gulf between themselves and their sisters.

How can this be done? Only through the active *sharing* of life! Enriching the life of each other through giving and taking. The College girl through education has gained a wider horizon, more scientific information and greater freedom than the rural woman has ever

known. She wants to share all this with her. But she has rare treasures still to be gained by taking what the rural woman can give her—the experimental knowledge, the genuine spirit, the sheer endurance, and the ruggedness of life. Many College students testified to the fact after a season of village experience that they had learned much more than they could teach.

Upon this principle of active sharing the Ewha College girls are carrying on, through their student Y. W. C. A., a few projects of their own in villages near and far. All through last year three students spent every Sunday in two villages near Seoul. The forenoon hours were spent with the village children telling them stories, teaching them stories, teaching them games and songs, and playing with them. This was usually preceded by their visiting the individual homes. In the afternoons the women came together in natural groups trying to talk their problems over with them. Usually they had their lessons first, then something new was told by the students in easy forms of lectures. How they love to tell about the men listening in!

Just now three teams of Ewha students are in three different villages. As soon as the summer vacation started two groups went back to the villages near Seoul, where the work was started last year. One group went as far as to Hamkyung Province at the

request of a leader of that village. Last winter this leader attended the first session of the Rural Folk School under the Y. M. C. A. He wrote that he sees the need of work among women of his village, but cannot do it himself.

What do these girls do? *Everything!* They become at once teachers, doctors, nurses, notaries, legal advisers, public health-workers, home economics agents, kindergarteners and preachers. Do I hear the reader exclaim, "Unbelievable?" Just pack up and go to a village and put yourself at the disposal of the villagers for a week, and you will find out the truth of the statement. They ask for advice and help in all the phases of their lives, individual and collective. The busy days of these girls are beyond description in writing. A student after spending ten such days said that they were her happiest ones—washing, teaching and playing with children in the morning; teaching, talking and working with women in the afternoon; lecturing and preaching to the whole community in the evening; visiting the homes, cleaning the village streets and seeing the sick people in between. One can only get the contagion of such an ex-

perience by listening to the tumultuous words streaming out together, with the light in the face that cannot be hid. This student finished by saying how sorry she was to leave the village before certain sores got entirely healed up and before certain children showed any signs of gaining after her treatment for intestinal parasites.

One may wonder what is really accomplished by these scattered efforts. Who knows? And who dares tell? It is really pathetic when we look at these scanty efforts in the light of the multitude of great things that need to be done in this field. Think of all the experimental work, the training of leaders, the production of literature, the initiation of new movements (such as the Village Home Movement to establish new and permanent homes), that are needed before rural problems can be solved!

But look! The young College girls out of their own conscious will have begun to build the bridge over the chasm, however meager their attempts may be. They intend to go over. Isn't it worth noticing and encouraging?

DO YOU KNOW ?

1. What is the chasm that separates the college girls and the rural women of Korea ? (page 155)
2. How does Dr. Helen Kim say that this chasm may be bridged ? (page 155)
3. What is one of the liveliest issues of the present day ?... .. (page 157)
4. How it is that To-Rin-Li has achieved the distinction of being called a model village ? (page 158)
5. Of the achievements of the Bible Correspondence Course since it was founded
by Dr. Swallen ? (page 164)
6. What it was that Mencius called the admirable vegetable ? (page 165)
7. What are some of the Korean rural products that foreigners enjoy ? (page 165)

The Rural Problem—A Model Village

FRANK L. BORLAND



IT WOULD HARDLY be too much to say that the Rural Problem is the liveliest issue of the present day in Korea. Last year the biggest Korean newspaper, after carrying on in its columns a symposium on the subject, conducted an essay competition in order to give opportunity to the obscure as well as to the famous to contribute towards a good solution. The same newspaper this year is running a serial novel whose hero gives up a good position in society to devote himself to the regeneration of village life, leaving his home in the city and going to live in a village that he might carry on his work of service. Kagawa's novel "One Grain of Wheat," a Christian tract as well as a novel, is a best seller in Japan and in Korea. The Governor General holds conferences with the Provincial Governors, who in their turn call together district officials of every degree, and thresh out the difficulties of the problem, trying to adapt their methods to the needs of each local area.

The educational system of the past is feeling a growing strain from within, and is wisely undoing its seams and 'letting out' to make room for expansion. Instead of frowning on individual initiative, and insisting on strict adherence to a rigid system, the Government itself is appointing men of original ideas to official positions, and is giving them a great deal of latitude in working out their plans. This is a very recent movement, the earliest of these experiments being only about five years old.

It is all the more interesting, then, to turn to a Korean attempt to do what everyone is trying to do; an attempt which actually began twenty years ago, and has been making steady progress ever since. Help has been given by the local and provincial authorities from time to time, but the idea and the working out of it are essentially Korean, and

for that reason particularly worthy of our study as an indication of the kind of thing that can be done under the right kind of local village leadership. I shall describe a visit to a so-called 'model village' in the province of South Chulla.

I had heard of the village of To-Rin-Li before, and had read of how it had grown out of an idea in the head of a man called Yoon, who had begun some years ago to work for the improvement of his village. I thought of him as a youngish man of modern education, with perhaps a training at the Government Agricultural College, who had brought back from the city a new vision and a new purpose. I even thought of him as a semi-official envoy of the Government which in the last few years had advertised the village fairly widely as an example of what is being done officially for the uplift of Korea; but I soon found out how mistaken I had been.

On entering the village I was told by my companion, through whose kindness I was making the visit and who had been there before, that we would first call upon Mr. Yoon, who is the headman of the village. We entered the yard of a house that only differed from a thousand other little Korean farms in that it was clean and tidy, the refuse heap was a neat square instead of being spread all over the place, and there were bundles of mint hanging up everywhere in the sun to dry. I had never seen mint being cultivated in Korea before, and on enquiry was told that it is quite rare, but is much in demand both for medicine and candies in Japan. We called out in the usual way to know if the master was at home, and we saw an old man in very shabby working clothes get down from the raised verandah floor where he had been sitting, slip a pair of rubber shoes on to his bare feet, and come forward to greet us. This was Mr. Yoon himself. He is seventy years of age

and looks like a typical farmer of the old school, with no education in the modern sense at all. The thing that I could hardly bring myself to believe was that when he got his great idea for his village he was already over fifty, and in all probability a grandfather. At that time To-Rin-Li was known as a 'beggar village.' The men used to set out each day and beg from door to door in neighbouring villages, coming back at night with enough food to last themselves and their families for twenty-four hours or so, then off again on the same quest. To-day it is one of the few places in Korea there are no beggars, and where begging is definitely forbidden. On our tour of inspection we met a beggar, and asked what he was doing there. Mr. Yoon replied that he had just arrived and would have to pass on at once because he would get nothing.

About twenty years ago this young grandfather made up his mind that his life was a useless one, and his village a disgrace, so he began to urge the men of the place to set to work and till the fields which were going to waste. No one listened to him but he persevered, and every morning at dawn he would get up and march round, beating a tin can until no one was able to sleep any longer. When they came out to call him names he told them that now they were up they might as well come out and do some work. At last he began to get a little following among his neighbours and, facing all manner of obstacles, he has succeeded in making his village the most well-known in all Korea. At seventy he is still the most progressive man in the village and complains that the other villages cannot be persuaded that it would be wise not to depend solely on rice as their main crop, but to grow other things as well.

As it is Mr. Yoon has succeeded in so far as that every family in To-Rin-Li has some secondary occupation such as the growing of mint. There are various community buildings, though none of the farming is communal. It was there that I first saw in Korea a machine for the hulling

and polishing of rice, an expensive machine which they were able to buy with the help of a money prize from the Government for being the most progressive village in Korea. You must remember that even in this quite unusual village there is still poverty, though no starvation. I suppose the largest income of all will amount to about 2,000 yen (£200), while the poorer farmer does quite well if he makes 100 yen (£10) yearly. There is still a considerable amount of debt, but instead of borrowing at an exorbitant rate of interest from a money-lender, the Village Cooperative Society lends the money at a fair rate (say 18%) per annum.

There are now no wine shops there and drinking is reduced to a minimum. This is quite remarkable in a country where it is generally thought to be impossible to work for a day in the fields without wine, and where a wine ration is part of almost every contract for farm labour. The village has three wells. The one we saw was the best I have seen in Korea. It was called the "Well of Bright Reason" and deserves its good name. No dirty bucket is allowed to defile its clear waters, which flow out into a cemented basin whence running water can be dipped. The overflow is caught in a large shallow pool where the women do their washing. The women have fields which they cultivate themselves, and a society of their own where they organise new ventures for the public good. At one time they decreed that all the men should cut off their dirty topknots of hair, a very sanitary measure, and a charter of the position of women in Eastern life.

Mr. Yoon might well rest on his laurels after such an achievement, but he still carries on, and in the course of our conversation he made a very significant remark to us. He is of the old school in morals and religion, and Christianity has not yet come to the village. There is nothing so conservative as the old Confucian society, but this is what the old man said, "What we need most here is to work together (cooperation in other words), and the only place where I see that united mind at

work is among the 'Jesus people.' We ought to learn the Jesus way." My companion, who is working in that territory, said to me that he would take the hint and see that a Christian teacher was sent to the village as soon as possible. But he must be a teacher who is alive to the new demands of an already awakened village society, and as yet such men are scarce. There is need in our Bible Institutes for an increasing appreciation of the changing character of Rural Korea, and of the need of a new emphasis in evangelism.

With such a demonstration as we had of what can be done in the least favourable of circumstances, it is not difficult to visualise a day in the future when many a village in Korea shall not only have earned the name of model village, but shall have reorganised its life on a definitely Christian social basis, with

the Church as its centre serving the community, and the Christian leader as its teacher and guide.

Last year at the dedication of Matsuzawa Church (a village eight miles from Tokyo) the headman of the village attended, and afterwards said that it was the first time in his 40 years of life that he had been to a Christian church. That it would not be the last was evidenced by his further remark, "I wish our village to be trained by the Church." That is where the Church should rightly be and we must not only hope, but confidently work towards the day when everywhere the community-serving Church shall, by the quality of its humble and unselfish service earn the right to leadership of the village, the town, the nation, and ultimately of the world itself.

Young Korea Finds the Way

W. J. ANDERSON

(Continued from the July Number)

THERE WAS NO little excitement in the Lee household the night Choong Haki's father found him reading the last of the four books which Mr. Kim had given him. Choong Haki knew that his father would not approve, but so anxious was he to learn what made the Christians so different that he read the books in secrecy and in his heart knew that he believed it all and that he was ready to be a follower of the Christ of the Cross.

He was reading in the gate quarter room, using just a little sesame-seed oil light, when his father, who was looking for some straw rope, suddenly opened the door and came in.

"So here you are?" he said in surprise. "What in the world are you reading, I never saw such a small book in my life, and it is in 'kookmoon,' too". (The native script which is so very easy to read that all scholars of the complicated Chinese characters look with scorn upon it).

It did not take Mr. Lee long to discover what the book was, and when it finally dawned upon him what his son had been doing he exclaimed in amazement, "Whatever does this mean? Just when I was becoming very proud of you because you were working so well and were so dependable, you deceive me like this and actually disobey me. Explain yourself."

He had been so surprised at his father's entrance, and his heart was beating so fast, that for a time he could not answer but sat with his head bowed. Finally, however, after his father had demanded an explanation for the second time, he began and told his father everything of the longings of his heart; of the lack of inspiration or help he got from his study of, and especially his association with and observation of, the Confucian doctrines and practices; of his meeting with the Christians and later the missionaries at the market places; of the medicine and his gratitude over

his father's recovery ; and finally of the books and the inspiration which he had received from the reading of them.

"I knew it was wrong for me to do it without telling you, but so anxious was I to read them that I did it. I fully intended to tell you eventually but first I wanted to read them for myself and now that I have, I am supremely happy."

"Happy ? Why do you say that when you disobeyed me ?"

"Oh I am not happy because I disobeyed you ; when I think of that I am filled with remorse, but I am happy that now I know the Christian doctrine and have peace of mind."

"Choong Haki, you don't mean.....?"

But he did not finish the question and after staring in unbelieving amazement at his son for a minute or two, he grabbed up the other three books and started for the door.

Quick as a cat Choong Haki leaped to his feet and stood before the little paper-covered door.

"Father," he cried, "please don't destroy the books. Nothing has ever entered my life which has brought me such joy and peace. I am willing to be a veritable slave for you and obey you in everything else if you will just let me keep the books. It was the Christian medicine which saved you, as Mr. Kim said it would, and this has been a wonderful spiritual medicine for me."

As Mr. Lee looked into the flushed, pleading face of his son and saw the tears in his eyes he realized that he was looking upon an entirely different son from what he had seen a few months before. He also knew that he was not facing just a willful, disobedient son, but one who had a real conviction which just the burning of a few books would not change, so he simply said, "Let's sit down and talk it over."

After talking for a while, during which he reminded his son that he had never really studied Confucianism, and that when he did he would find satisfaction, he made the proposal that he keep the books and that when-

ever Choong Haki wanted to read them, they would read them together.

"Fine," cried the happy boy. "I have just longed to share them with someone, and especially with my honorable father !"

This was not just the idea that the father had, however, when he made the proposal but he let it go at that and abruptly asked, "Choong Haki, is it the reading of these books that has made you such a different son the last few months ? At times I have not been able to believe that you are the same person that lived in our house before I was taken sick."

"Absolutely," he said, "the reading of these books and the meeting with the Christians and the missionaries. As soon as I saw them I realized they were different and had something which I did not have and I was not satisfied until I found out what it was and I think now that I have found it."

"Humph," was all Mr. Lee could find to say, but he left the room a much wiser father than when he came in and he realized that he was confronted with a much greater problem than anything he had faced in the fifty years of his existence.

It was at the Chin Dong Church in Seoul where Choong Haki finally accepted Christ. He had been sent with his uncle to transact some business for his father and, as it was his first trip to Seoul, everything was so very new and strange to him that for the first day he did not know whether it was a dream or not. At night he stayed at Tai Suni's house and about eight o'clock in the evening, hearing church music, he went out and found the large Chin Dong Church well-filled and a meeting in progress. Going in on the men's side he sat down near the entrance and listened to the man who was speaking. It was Kim Ik Too, the famous evangelist of Korea, and the subject was, "The Need of the Young Men of Korea for Christ." Choong Haki soon forgot where he was, and as he listened to the message it seemed that the speaker was speaking directly to him, and his heart

responded heartily to it. At the close of the address, when the evangelist asked if there were any young men in the audience who would rise signifying their intention of becoming a Christian, Choong Haki was one of the first to stand up. When he did so he felt a very decided change in his heart and realized that the days of questioning and wonder were over, and that he was truly a born-again Christian. At the close of the service he was greeted very cordially by the evangelist and several other people of the church and finally by a missionary, who took him to his home and treated him very kindly, inquiring about his family and of the other contacts which he had had with Christianity. When he found that the village where Choong Haki lived was in the district where he itinerated, he promised to make him a visit, and to preach to his relatives and friends. At first Choong Haki was almost startled at this announcement, for he feared that the missionary would not be well received and might even be asked to leave, but realizing that since he had made his stand, he must do all he could to influence others to become Christians, especially those in his own village, he thanked the missionary and told him he would be glad to have him come.

Choong Haki had really intended to tell his father of his decision just as soon as he got home, but somehow he found it more difficult than he had thought it would be, and so he delayed doing so. Several days later, however, when he had won consent from his father to read from the little books, he read aloud from the third chapter of John. By the time they were half through the father became rather irritated and said again that he thought that they should destroy the books. When asked why, he replied that it was because it made him feel uncomfortable. It was then that Choong Haki told him that if he just accepted it as the truth it would make him very happy and give him great peace of mind.

"What!" exclaimed the excited father, "do

you ask me to accept this doctrine as the truth, give up all the things that we have held true for many generations, stop worshipping our ancestors, and cast out the ancestral tablets from our home; and why, pray, are you the one who asks me to do this? You talk as if you might be one of those Christians yourself."

"That's just what I am," replied Choong Haki, "as a matter of fact, I believe that I have been a Christian ever since I met that foreign doctor and got the medicine which cured your fever in a few days. But I did not make the definite stand until this time when I went to Seoul and attended some meetings conducted by Kim Ik Too."

In the days and weeks that followed Choong Hak and his father many times discussed the one-time-forbidden subject; much to his delight and satisfaction. Choong Haki realized that his father was not a little interested, and by the time the missionary made his visit the father was perfectly willing that he stay at his house.

The day the missionary arrived at the village of Sa Kol was one of great excitement in the Lee household. Neighbors had heard about it and were gathering in little groups under the trees discussing what ought to be done. Some were indignant and thought they should go to Mr. Lee with the request that he send some one to tell the missionary not to come. Others were curious and said it would be a very interesting thing to have a foreigner come, then they would be able to see for themselves what these Westerners were like and find out what they ate and how they slept, etc. The latter group seemed to be in the majority and so nothing was done. At last he arrived, followed by all the boys in the village who were bold enough to come out from the little courtyards. Choong Haki met him at the gate and led him to the guest room where he proudly introduced him to his father, who had prepared for the occasion by putting on his best long coat and black shining horsehair

hat.

For the first ten minutes the conversation was very formal as the proverbial questions in regard to age, household, and ancestry were duly asked and answered to the mutual satisfaction of both. It was not long, however, before the missionary's presence ceased to be a strange thing and became perfectly natural, for he had taken off his shoes upon entrance and was sitting cross-legged on the floors with the rest of them. Of course the mother and the sister did not come into the room, but that does not mean that they did not see and hear the conversation, because they were sitting in an inner room where they had made holes in the paper doors with a wet finger, as had many of the boys of the village in the outside door.

After supper, which the missionary had eaten in supposed privacy but in reality under the curious eyes of a dozen or more boys who were peering at him through the holes in the paper doors, the fathers and brethren of the village began gathering in the courtyard where later the missionary spoke to them about the Creator of the Universe, His provision for mankind, both physical and spiritual, and of the coming of Christ. At the close of the meeting, to Choong Haki's surprise, his father stood up before them all and told them that he believed that they should all inquire into this thing and decide whether or not it would be a good thing for them to become

Christians and asked as many as cared to, to remain behind and talk with the missionary. Choong Haki supposed that most of them would do so, but only three or four came to the guest room, where they stayed until late at night inquiring into the things of God.

The next great event in the village of Sa Kol was the dedication of the little church building. The few who had accepted Christ remained true to their decision, although some had to endure a great deal of persecution; they had been faithful in preaching to their neighbors and friends until 30 or 40 were meeting for church services on Sunday. As no house was large enough to accommodate such a large gathering they had been compelled to build this separate building in which to meet for worship and study. The missionary came for the event and many Christians from nearby churches also came to join in the happy occasion. Among the congratulatory remarks which were made Choong Haki's father told them all that this was the result of his own son's faithfulness in standing up for what he believed and knew to be the truth even though it was quite contrary to what he had been taught from his youth. This was a strange thing for a father to say in regard to his own son, but it must be remembered that he was now a different man since he had become a Christian.

(To be continued)

To Serve Him

It were not hard, we think, to serve Him
 If we could only see;
 If He would stand with that gaze intense
 Burning into our bodily sense.
 If we might look on that face so tender,
 The brow where the scars are charmed to splendor,
 Might catch the light of His smile so sweet,
 And find the marks in His hands and feet,
 How loyal we should be !
 It were not hard, we think, to serve Him
 If we could only see !

It were not hard, He says, to see Him
 If we would only serve;
 He that doeth the will of Heaven
 To him shall knowledge and sight be given.
 While for His presence we sit repining
 Never we see His countenance shining;
 Those who toil where His reapers be
 The glow of His smile may always see,
 And their faith can never swerve !
 It were not hard, He says, to see Him
 If we would only serve !

Anon.

The Second Stage in Rural Work

HUGH H. CYNN, LL. D.

(The following is the literal translation of a short article in the May issue of the *Young Korean*)

THE KOREAN Young Men's Christian Association began its rural work in February 1925—thus eight full years have passed. During this time promotion was concentrated upon the spreading of literacy, improvement of agriculture, organization of co-operatives and the resuscitation of the people's spirit. Among these there have been differences in the degree of emphasis upon each according to local conditions, but since, in the main, agricultural improvement has received the most attention, many have made the mistake of taking agricultural work for rural work. This fact led the Y. M. C. A. to change the nomenclature last year, we have rechristened the work *Hyang-chon Sa-up* (*Hyang*=country), in order to differentiate it from *Rong* (agriculture), and at the same time to make the whole of village life its objective. In promoting the above mentioned four items of work, the twenty-six thousand and some villages have been made the goal; and it was undertaken here and there near the larger cities with the expectation of its gradually spreading to the near-by villages, as good results are seen, until in the end even the hamlets in the mountain recesses are reached. Man-power and money have been expended during the eight years, and the fruits are considerable, without going into statistics.

According to experience, what has proved to be a flaw in the plan? Generally speaking, if after work is done in a village for five or six months, and when everything is well started, the responsibility of carrying it on is transferred to the village itself in order to make a similar start in another village, the whole thing soon comes to a standstill. Without someone continuing to help them they stop! Yet who can ever continue, without a

break, for over twenty-six thousand villages? This is clearly impossible, and the plan must be changed. Furthermore, even if the work continued of its own accord, the plan needs to be changed as the work progresses and leads up to new steps. It is felt that now the second stage has been reached and the second stage is to be characterized by the institution of what thus far has been a movement. In other words, the movement of spiritual resuscitation must be organized into institution, the same thing must be true regarding the movement for literacy, etc. Concretely, the following must be taken as objectives for the immediate future:—

- (1) Spiritual institutions.
- (2) Educational institutions (including agricultural knowledge).
- (3) Co-operative institutions.
- (4) Health institutions.

1. The spiritual institution may be a church, a Y.M.C.A. or any other organization that will give the people a living hope and stimulate their energy. Something like the Danish Folk High School will also be suitable.

2. The educational institution may be a school, a strong *Shutang*, or any other village organization or group that will supply the needed knowledge in more than a temporary way and become a regular and permanent unit.

3. Co-operative institutions must be more than the present consumers, and marketing societies that exist separately here and there, and there must be unions or associations of societies that will pool all the financial resources to aid the subsidiary societies and be able to lend money on credit at low interest for productive purposes.

4. Health institutions constitute the chief but unfelt lack in the villages, and physicians, nurses and remedial facilities, whether private

or public, must be made accessible to the village people.

The realization of the above program is certainly impossible for a single village, and we must abandon the plan that has a village as a working unit and form instead a community consisting of many villages within a radius of, say, 5 miles and that contains a total population of four or five thousand. The work should begin in the center of this community toward the four main objectives. The work will, to be sure, take much, much longer time to mature, but if the institutions are organized on a

firm basis, it will continue even after we take our hands off. This will not only enable us to do our work likewise in other places, but work will be begun voluntarily and carried to fruition in many communities. Additions and subtractions will be made in the details in accordance with experience and study, but, in general, that our rural work should go forward along these four directions is clear. It is greatly hoped that the Christian youths will devote much of their study and labour upon this great work.

What is Interesting the Korean Church

Extracts from the "The Christian Messenger."

Translated by BRUCE F. HUNT

The fourth quadrennial all-Korea Sunday School Convention is announced for October 6-13 and is to be held in Taiku. The Convention motto, taken from the Korean translation of Matt. 11:29, is "Learn Jesus."

Dr. Y.C. Lee of Severance Hospital recently received a special degree from Tokyo Imperial University for his research work in the field of leprosy. Dr. Lee is a graduate of Severance Union Medical College and of the Imperial University.

On May 8th fire broke out in the dormitory of the Syenchun Boys' Academy, causing very considerable damage. Most of the loss was covered by insurance. The fire caught from the candle of a student studying after "lights out."

There is to be a Leaders' Training Class at Chosen Christian College from July 18 to 25. The subjects for the class include: Bible Study, Christian Apologetics, Music and the History of Christian Saints.

On April 6th a monument was erected at Kowan, in Hamkeung Province, to honor Elder Chang To Ik, the first believer in the community and the founder of six churches and one primary school.

The laying of the corner stone of the new Ewha College buildings took place on June 10th. These buildings, a Main Hall, Music Hall and a Gymnasium, are being erected on the new site near Chosen Christian College at a cost of Yen 463,000, and are to be patterned after the Oxford style of architecture.

The Bible Correspondence course of the Department of Religious Education of the Presbyterian Church gives the following figures covering the five months from October '32 (time of reorganization of the Dept.) to March '33:

N. T. Course—Enrolled	897	Graduated	167
O. T. " "	83	" "	46
Total	980		213

This brings the total figures for students of this correspondence course since it was founded by Dr. Swallen up to:

N. T. Course—Enrolled	5,345	Graduated	1,883
O. T. " "	555	" "	303
Total	5,900		1,686

The 25th anniversary of the service of Nee Ki Poong in the Christian ministry was celebrated by the Soonchun and Quelpart Presbyteries. Pastor Nee (Lee) graduated with the first class to graduate from the Presbyterian Seminary in Pyengyang and was directly appointed as a Home Missionary to work on Quelpart Island. Through his ministry 16 churches were established which were later organized into the Quelpart Presbytery. Pastor Nee, though 66 years old, has now oversight of two of the churches in this Presbytery.

The minutes of the North Pyeng An Presbytery after printing were suppressed by the Police Department.

There were 2,500 suicides in Korea last year; this was 146 more than in the previous year.

Rural Products that We Enjoy

MRS. R. K. SMITH

CENCIUS SAYS that of all the seeds the best are rice, wheat and barley, gelatinous millet and the soy bean, glutinous rice being called "the admirable vegetable." While trying to decide which of Korean products would be most interesting those of our own first days came to mind — pine nuts, persimmons, sesame seed, bamboo roots, endless fields of rice and blocks of circular baskets of grain in the market—and beans, beans everywhere and in everything. So though there is nothing new in this study to anyone in Korea perhaps a Kansan will be glad to turn his thoughts from miles of wheat and corn that are so cheap today as to be a drag on the impoverished producer.

Edible Pine

Pinus koraiensis, Siebold et Zuccarrini, 잣나무 (*Chat namoo*) is famous all over Korea as the blue pine which produces the delicious little nuts. It is called sea pine in Japan and is distinguished by having five leaves to a sheaf, and by its large cone which falls when ripe but does not open to shed its nut-like seeds that have no wings. The wood is of excellent quality and is used in general construction work. Tradition says that pine nuts were first eaten in China in the time of the Chu dynasty which ended 255 B. C. Pine nuts are mentioned as a constituent of Silla dishes so they are almost twenty centuries old here. The story is told that when the use of the nuts was unknown, a boy cracking apricot seeds picked up a pine nut and cracked and ate it. It was much to his taste and soon became a favorite. These nuts are used in cakes and candy and most delicious they are; the oil is expressed and used in mixing the red Korean ink used for seals and stamps.

The Grass Family

When gathering impressions were indelibly fixed in our early days, when Korea was her

oldtime self in the inland districts, the place the grass family had was not to be denied. Koreans could very well swear by the grasses for they enter into so many phases of their lives. Theirs is not the terribly glorious epic of the south-west Asian, peninsular-dwelling pastoral people who sacrifice life itself in a struggle for grass over the snow-capped ranges, but just a homely tale of sleeping under grass roofs, upon grass mats, warmed by grass fires with walls of mud and straw, and wattles of kaffir corn stalks tied together with straw rope; with hats of straw braid on bamboo frames, shoes of twisted straw, girdle and crown of straw rope on the mourner, often a mat for the last wrappings of the dead and even gods of straw. Just last new year's season we saw our first and only straw man, and a huge one it was, on a hillside not an hour's ride from Seoul, a sort of scape-goat bearing the burden of the ills-to-be from the maker to the one who, tempted by the hidden cash, carries it away.

Of special food products, we note the glutinous rice and millets as being especially delicious; bamboo sprouts, served with plenty of flavoring "*chang*," are good but the "*yut*" (taffy candy) made for kaffir corn or rice is most prized of all grass goodies. We once had a cup of clear rice wine, about a thimbleful, at the first wedding we attended, but as there was no other missionary present we were not warned that we were tasting forbidden stuff, and did not really think enough about it to know what it was like. Some of the grains are used for sweet drinks, both hot and cold, sometimes slightly fermented. Many of the *gramineae* are used in the old Chinese system of medicine and many are given as used in famine years.

Small bamboo grows in the southern part of Korea, that on the south slope of the Andong mission compound often being frost bitten, but

the groves in Kwangju are tropical in their density. Reeds grow everywhere and are used for many purposes. *Phragmitis communis* or "kal" is a reed used for flagpoles as it is much lighter than bamboo. The legend goes that whenever a boat is sent to the island of Ulloung, off the east coast, where reeds grow tallest, that the messenger finds the reed he wants lying on the shore just where his boat lands. The reed awnings placed before doors are made of this variety.

Bamboo pipe stems are far shorter now than when we first came, but they are still a common article in any market, some beautifully marked. But the long bamboo poles formerly used for our sedan chairs and for scaffolding on the three-story brick buildings put up with nary a nail—will long be remembered. Once a chair pole began to crack under the weight of mother and oldest boy with the six months old twins tied in a two-man chair miles ahead and unattended on a mountain road. Mother was returning on a three days' journey after a serious operation and was unable to walk. Not a village in ten miles, not a wire or rope to be had, but as ominous cracks developed the chair coolies would stop by a rice field and with deft twists make straw rope sufficient to keep the slivers from parting company until the heavy load was landed safely in at the village where the advance caravan, including two howling babes, was waiting for lunch.

Sesame Seed

It seems a far cry from Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," or the "Open Sesame" that unlocked the treasure cavern to Ali Baba, to the "Kai" seed of Korea, but if you ever had a chance to taste malt taffy "yut" rolled in these delicious seeds or had a cookie with a seedy crust, or smelled the delights of a kettle of seeds being browned preparatory to grinding and salting for a rare condiment, the very word would make your mouth water and a whole storehouse of memories be opened by the magic. The fields of the two lipped, pinkish flowers in full bloom are worthy of notice, for the plant *Sesamum indicum orien-*

tale, belongs to the herb family which has both calix and corolla, the latter more or less united in one piece.

The sesame plant stands two to four feet high with broad, coarsely toothed or lobed, opposite lower leaves, upper leaves lanceolate with the tubular flowers in their axils. The two celled ovary ripens into a two valved pod with numerous seeds. The color of the seeds varies from yellow to black. The plant has been grown very successfully in the Imperial Valley for the seeds and the oil derived from them, but it will never become a commercial undertaking as the pods grow closely to the main stem on most of its length and the lower ones ripen first, so nothing but careful hand-picking suffices.

Though used in candy and cakes and as a condiment, it is the oil which is the most important product—and what would the Korean do without that! It was once the only illuminant and can still be found in use in the backwoods. Any paper article which must be strengthened and made waterproof gets a coating; paper for floors, fans, hat covers, umbrellas, tobacco pouches, box covers, book bindings—even mattress covers in hospital—"youchi" is every where. The oil is fragrant and preferred above all others for cooking; frying meats, vegetables and the delicate seaweed brushed with oil and salted and toasted. Sesame oil has a considerable iodine value and, with the free use of sea foods, may have had a part in the freedom from goitre we find here. The seeds and leaves are used as a demulcent and the oil is used in medicine as we use olive oil. It also keeps black tresses shiny.

Sesame oil is used as a floor polish and to keep the Buddha bright and shining. Combined with honey and citron it is a confection. American uses include it as salad oil and butter substitute as the oil is bland, inodorous, neutral in reaction and rich in olein. If properly stored it will keep for years without becoming rancid. The residue makes cattle feed and fertilizer. Sven Hedin says in his

"Through Asia" that a pint or a bit less of sesame oil will sustain a camel a month without any other food. Chaff from the seed is regularly used as a fodder.

The plant is labelled as an introduced plant in Korea but as the first mention of it in China was in the Fun dynasty, 1401-1154 B. C., and its use here is said to have begun in the time of Keija, it was at least an old timer, even without mention of the fact that tradition vouches for a wild sesamum as far back as the days of Tangun, 2333 B. C. Another suggestion is that it did actually come from the land of the "Forty Thieves" and was introduced into China in the 2nd century B. C. along with all the other good things that the emissaries of the king brought from Western Asia. At any rate we wish we had the appetites of the forty when we have a chance at candy made of pine blossoms, sesamum and honey, or have a dish of "*kai-sochum*" (sesame salt) put by our plate, for feasts enjoyed are an "open sesame" to the hearts of this people who love to give us of their choice delicacies.

"You Don't Know Beans"

May be not yet, but you will some day for America is becoming bean conscious, and what has been common dietary knowledge in the Orient is becoming valued as a substitute for the ordinary ingredients of soups, flours, butter, coffee, sausages and milk. It has long been recognized in Oriental countries that the chief protein of soy beans is similar to that of beef, certain other properties also helping to make the bean exceptionally valuable for building up the cells of the human body. Bean milk is being used extensively in the feeding of impoverished babies in our missionary social welfare work in Oriental cities, so coals are being carried to Newcastle! But nevertheless the Westerner doesn't know beans until he comes to appreciate the sauce called "*chang*" by the Koreans and "*shoyu*" by the Japanese. The Chinese and Koreans use the soy bean alone while the Japanese use wheat and beans in equal parts with yeast

and salt, and as the Japanese factory methods keep out all but the peculiar bacteria needed for fermentation, that may explain a different taste to the Korean "home-brew."

The bean used is the soya and is variously called *soja hispida*, *glycine hispida* or *glycine soja*. Manchuria is the main habitat, although no-one thinks of farming in any of these eastern lands without planting every field border at least with beans. The Koreans soak the beans overnight and boil for half a day, the lid being kept on tight and the heat diminished until the cold beans are ready for pulverization with a wooden pestle. Balls of this pulp are hung up to dry and acquire the right amount of mould under the eaves of the house. Often you will see these balls broken open and lying in the sun to check the process. These balls are soaked in brine and exposed to the sun but carefully covered at night, for the fermenting process has still to be encouraged. The first liquor drawn off is yellow and poor in quality but blackness comes in time and no meal is complete without the piquant sauce; bread, meats, vegetables being dipped in it just as a chop-stickful is taken by the diner.

One scene long to be remembered is that of a large outer courtyard surrounded by servants' rooms and stables and store rooms. As we entered at dusk and saw the huge cauldrons with their glowing fires and steamy canopies we thought of the witches' brew, for weird elongated figures, both solid and shadowy, flitted here and there, while over to one side two giants alternately lifted and lowered a great wooden pestle into a mass of beans in a hollowed-out tree trunk. On into the second family court-yard and to the third beyond and we were shown the great jars, in any of which a man could hide, some still filled with *chang* of other years, for this was a great family with many retainers, and the "spice of life" must not run low between sessions!

Another tasty bean dish is *tubu* or *tofu* or *toufu* (Korean, Japanese and Chinese) made of

the bean protein and looking much like a pure white cheese. Sliced and fried in deep fat or cubed and added to soups, this makes a filler not to be ignored by the housewife bent on feeding her family well. The refuse from this and from the *chang* manufacture makes fine cow feed and the refuse hulls go into the great cartwheels of fertilizer to be seen by the carload at such division points as Sariwon. The sprouted beans with their vitamin content make a delicious salad or soup addition. Beans take the place of our raisins for cakes and candies, and parched beans are used instead of peanuts. Red beans, black beans, yellow and brown and green beans, white beans, spotted beans, round beans, oval beans, flat beans, three cornered beans—all find a use in the Orient.

And beans are a part of the religious life and thought of the people. It was Kong-sai ("kong" is the Korean for beans) who about 2852 B. C. broke the pillars of heaven and destroyed the props of earth. He had a son who became a devil and the only thing he feared was red bean porridge, so on the winter solstice the gates and walls of the houses are plastered with it to keep him out. And when one wants to know how the year will turn out in the matter of rain, which is of vast importance to the majority of farmer populations, twelve beans, bound up in a split bamboo and kept soaked all the night of the fifteenth of the first month, will show by their varying degrees of moisture the amount of rain to be expected in each of the months of the year!

Persimmons

Ever since the days when "Prunes, Prisms and Persimmons" was the formula prescribed for acquiring ladylike demeanor, and the day in Freshman college year when the first taste, and only taste, of American persimmons was a treat, the very name has had magic. And then, after a year in Seoul with hardly a taste, a new housekeeper with ideas of germs not liking to buy the dusty fruit on the unpaved streets, to be sent to Andong where the

second best variety in all Korea and all the world grew on her own front hill!! The Pung-kei persimmons, forty miles to the north of Andong, are said to be the finest in the world, but these of our own left nothing to be desired.

The neighboring children were the one problem, as they ate what they could get, from the blossoms strung on sticks or strings, through the green, mottled, yellow, orange and brown stages and finishing off on the dried peelings kept in the box of dried persimmons.

By picking the hard fruit without a bruise in a net cup, one by one and with but three handlings into the basket, onto the shelves, stem up and not touching another, then on to the individual breakfast plate as carefully as you would handle an unlaidd, shell-less egg, we had fresh persimmons as late as March. The dried ones, produced after various experiments of hanging by strings, impaling on sticks, flat on dinner plates, were then a joy.

The Koreans believe the persimmons came from the west because it does best on the western side of a hill. There is a wild variety in Korea but even this may not be indigenous. Persimmons are grown by grafting, in which the Koreans are expert, with rice paste, earth and clay. They graft mulberries skilfully and it is only lack of incentive which has prevented the fruits from being better developed. Gale gives *Diosphros Lotus*, Linne as the *고 명나무* called wild by others, and *감나무* as *D. Kaki*, Linne, cultivated variety which is borne out by botanies.

The persommon is rich in tannin in the astringent fluid expressed from the green fruit. The Japanese have several kinds of persimmons, one a longish hard kind eaten like an apple, and the Chinese have their varieties. America has her one native, *D. virginiana*, L. and many Oriental imports are being tried out in California where an association has been formed to push the industry. Hot water is used to take out the astringency in the unripe fruit and hasten its softening, so with the

dried fruits, the "season" for persimmons can be stretched throughout the whole year.

Any who had seen a hillside clump of persimmon trees in summer or fall cannot soon forget the beauty of the glossy dark green, oval entire leaves and creamy bell or urn shaped blossoms, or the orange yellow of the great globes standing out from the mottled green and yellow leaves which drop, leaving the fruit clinging with its short stalk to the tips of every twig. The tree is unisexual so

the greatest danger is from too cold winters injuring the tree itself. The protected sea side slopes of Whang-hai grow an abundance of persimmons but not as large or well flavoured as those of the far south. The wood is used for cabinet work but to most of us the fruit is our one interest and we agree with the botanist who named the species "*Diospyros*" for that is Greek for "Jove's grain." Truly fruit for the gods! and in all the world Korea has it in fullest measure.

For the Children

Raspberries in Winter

HONG NOH LEE

ONCE UPON A TIME, in a remote village in Korea, there lived a harsh magistrate who had a very bad disposition. This magistrate was most unreasonable and took great delight in ordering his subordinate officers or the villagers to do impossible things. The under officers or the villagers were irritated almost beyond endurance by his vexing whims. In these days the people are free from such annoyance, but in the olden days the lives of many were made miserable by these overbearing magistrates.

One cold winter's day this unreasonable magistrate called one of his senior officials and with an insolent jeer demanded:—

"Bring me some raspberries to-morrow, I crave raspberries, and if you appear without them you will suffer the consequences." The official, though realizing that he had been given an order impossible of fulfillment, dared not remonstrate, and withdrew from the magistrate's presence in silence.

He was a man of gentle nature who took pleasure in obeying any reasonable commands, but since he knew that there were no raspberries to be found in mid-winter, with the snow covering the earth, he returned to his home greatly distracted. He pondered deeply the unfairness of the demand, and also the

dire consequences which he might expect from the irrational magistrate.

"I cannot disobey, and yet where are there any raspberries in Korea at this season of the year?"

He entered his house in silence, yet his very presence seemed to cast a melancholy gloom over the whole establishment. The other members of the family, perceiving from his troubled manner that something was wrong, pressed him for the reason, but in spite of all their questions, he maintained a perplexed silence. By nightfall he was so vexed and anxious that he could not partake of the evening meal and went to his room without a word to anyone.

His ten year old son, who was a very sensitive child by nature, realized that his father was in great trouble and, following him to his room, enquired:

"Father, what's the matter with you? Why do you not say anything? Why do you not eat your supper; are you ill? Or is there something troubling your mind? Please tell me, father."

As the father still remained silent, the boy became more persistent with his questions.

"Father, what's the matter with you; what's the trouble? Please tell me what is distressing you so."

When the father saw how deeply troubled the boy was becoming, he realized that he must tell the boy something and so he answered :

"It is a matter of raspberries. The magistrate wants me to bring him some raspberries, and if I do not take them by to-morrow, I shall be severely punished and many even lose my life. Since I must obey, and yet there are no raspberries in mid-winter, I am deeply perplexed."

But the boy did not seem to share his father's anxiety, and with an unconcerned look, gazed at his father for some moments ; then with a twinkle in his eye he asked, "Is that all that is troubling you ?"

"Why, father, that is a very simple thing, do not worry about it. I will go to the magistrate early in the morning and make the matter right, so please set your mind at rest."

The father was greatly surprised at his son's unexpected answer. The boy's calm confidence and his heartening words were a comfort to him yet he could not banish fear from his mind.

The father, wanting to show his appreciation of the boy's desire to help him, and also his confidence in his small son's assurance of a solution for the difficulty, replied :

"You say I don't need to be worried about it ; that it is a very simple matter to find raspberries when the ground is covered with snow ? Perhaps you know where there are some."

"Yes, it is a very easy matter. I will go to the magistrate in the morning and make it quite right. So do not worry, father, but please go to sleep in peace."

In spite of the boy's continued assurance, his father was still incredulous, and tried to learn the reason for the lad's self-confidence.

"Do you really know where there are some raspberries ?"

"Do not worry, father. I will prove to you in the morning that there is nothing to be anxious about," the lad continued to declare. So at length, the father, though still feeling it was an unreasonable thing to do, promised to leave the matter to his son.

Next morning the boy insisted on carrying out his promise and hurried with his preparations for visiting the magistrate's office. It was with misgivings that the father allowed the boy to go, but as the lad went out with a happy smile and a jolly laugh, his father could not forbid his going. The lad hurried along the narrow street and soon found himself in front of the magistrate's office. Nothing daunted he hastened into the room and presented himself before the magistrate with a low bow. The magistrate was quite surprised, but before he could raise a question the boy began to speak :

"Sir, Mr. Magistrate, I came here instead of my father. My father went out to the field to pick the raspberries yesterday, but....."

Here the magistrate interrupted him, with :
"Hum, is that so ? What a wonderful fellow he is ! Were there many raspberries?"

Then the boy continued,

"But, Sir, to my sorrow, when my father went to pick the strawberries he was bitten by a venomous snake and is now at the point of death. So I came in his stead to bring you this news."

As the magistrate heard these words, he began to smile insolently, then his face became full of wrath, and he glared at the boy in his rage, and cried out with wild eyes :

"Look here, you fool, you little fool. What are you saying ? You are making sport of the headman of the village. Where is there a snake in this season of snow and cold ? You are a clever liar ! You little rascal, you shall have your punishment for this !"


The magistrate was red with anger, but the boy was calm and composed and thinking that this was time to speak he said quietly :

"Then are there any raspberries in this season of snow and cold ?" and with these words he slipped from the room and hastened home.

The magistrate seeing that he had been outwitted by the young lad, was moved to realize the folly of his ways. The father was not punished, and never again did he receive a command impossible of accomplishment.

Hand-Picked Apples from a Garden of God

CYRIL ROSS

HE WRITER is grateful he has been permitted another year of work in market preaching and Bible Institute teaching. (In the former more than 25,000 tracts have been used.)

For the last few years he has been giving descriptions of market preaching. This year he would like to mention a few of the fruits from teaching the Word of God in our short term Bible Institutes. If some of the benefits attributed to the teaching of the Bible had really another source it might be said by way of compensation that there are other good results which, because of not lying on the surface, are not capable of being objectively recorded. The missionary enjoyed three terms of expounding the sacred Scriptures. One was in the fall; two were early and later, in the winter. The middle term was taught in association with several teachers, one a fellow-missionary and two pastor-teachers supplied from the presbyteries. The first and third terms were conducted by him as sole teacher. These continued for five weeks. Three hours a day for six mornings, one class with three subjects was taught. A sample schedule may be mentioned from the term in the later winter:— Old Testament books—Samuel and Kings; New Testament ones—Hebrews, Ephesians, Philippians and Colossians. A short time was given also to the study of Church Government and to some questions in course from the Shorter Catechism.

In the spring term nineteen men were enrolled. Their average age was twenty seven and three were only nineteen. Of these nineteen, as this paper is being written, four are at work witnessing and preaching in country districts. One of them is supported by the missionary society of our Women's Bible Institute. Another is boarded by a family in a territory where he is laboring as a witness. It was an interesting coincidence that a church

should write for such a worker and offer to entertain him and that a student should also write the same week seeking direction to a field of labor. Replying, the teacher said there was no salary available, but inasmuch as a church was in correspondence offering to board a worker the missionary would pay the car fare to and from his field.

The answer from the student was a prompt acceptance of the offer. On his coming to the missionary it was a great privilege for the latter to draw on his experience to the advantage of the younger man starting out for the first time. In a word the student was advised to devote his mornings usually to meditation on the Word of God and to prayer for spiritual strength to be used in the afternoon and evening. In the afternoon to go calling on the unconverted, and in the evenings to have meetings and conferences. It was urged, however, on the young man to keep one full day a week for rest, to maintain freshness in his work. After prayer we parted.

The pastor of the district (who has several churches in his care) has written referring to this student as a good man; of much zeal in witnessing, for whose service he is very grateful. In the class this man was second in grades. So much for one member of a class.

Toward the other end of the class was a more mature man whose defect in hearing prevented him from getting some of the instruction. He would enquire for a second exposition occasionally, when all the class understood and wanted to push on. He is no slow coach, however, in evangelistic effort. After considerable time in his district he called, and his detailed report of the work the Lord was doing through him, followed by an earnest prayer, made the missionary feel like reciting the words of the Holy Spirit through Paul—that climax to the classical chapter on the

certainty of the resurrection—"Wherefore my brethren beloved, be steadfast, unmovable, abounding in the work of the Lord habitually, inasmuch as you know that your toil is not in vain in union with the Lord."

A third student delighted his teacher with his walks of five miles to come to the study to learn how best to conduct himself amid problems of persecution. On the value of persecution it is easy to theorize. The history of the apostles and Christ's later followers proves the position that persecution propagates a pure Church. The Pharisee Saul was a persistent persecutor but oh, what an evangelistic conflagration blazed forth in the pathway of the regenerated Paul!

After exposition of, and meditation on, some promises of sacred Scripture and a season of supplication, the student evangelist left refreshed and possessed with a sense of the sufficiency of God to meet his problems.

Perhaps, however, even more promising than these men are the three youngest students in the class, lads of nineteen years of age. They are eager to prepare for the ministry. One of them has been admitted to our academy. The two others tried to enter but having failed they are still studying to make up credits for the next term. They are several years more mature than the average of their fellow-students in the academy, even as their youthfulness was conspicuous among the Bible Institute men. They have consecration, health and, doubtless, determination.

How they can make ends meet financially is the problem. Under the circumstances, it being hard to encourage them, what is the Christian attitude which the missionary should assume? Can he be indifferent? Does it

seem best to try to dissuade them from their course, impressing the risk to their health under the strain of a long course of study, thrown on their own resources without aid from home—in fact one lad has no home—no living parents. This lad, too was the brightest in his class of nineteen. The day in which this report is being written is a market day in Syenchun. The missionary, after lunch, took a turn around town distributing a tract the subject of which was "Prepare for the World to Come;" adding a personal word from time to time as recipients were inclined to give more attention than that of merely accepting a leaflet. Upon whom should he come suddenly, on passing a corner, than this very lad carrying a supply of tracts which he was giving out as his testimony here and there.

How encouraging it is at times to meet such volunteer witnesses! One would like to know what the dozen other students of this class of nineteen are doing. Surely the half dozen mentioned are an inspiration to the supporting and praying constituency at home in the United States and to their world missionary in Korea undiscouraged.

The word "undiscouraged" makes the writer think of the last phrase used in reference to the preeminent missionary at the close of the Gospel of the Holy Spirit (Acts 28), Paul "proclaimed as a herald the Kingdom of God and taught the doctrines of the Lord Jesus Christ with absolute boldness unhindered."

The door is yet wide open in Korea. Shall not the individual members of which the Church consists hasten to witness undiscouraged, unhindered?

In Memory of Dr. William James Hall

An Address by W. A. Noble at the Unveiling of a Medallion to the Memory of Dr. William James Hall, First Church, Pyengyang.

Dr. W. J. Hall was born in Canada in 1860 and arrived in Korea as a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1891. He and his wife were the first Protestant missionaries to live in the northern part of Korea. His death by typhus fever took place in November, 1894, after three years' service.



THE REMARKS I have to make during the few minutes given me will be confined to the knowledge I have had of Dr. William James Hall growing out of an intimate relationship both in New York and Korea.

While Dr. Hall had charge of the Medical Mission at 200 Madison Street, New York City, I was a student in Madison, New Jersey, and spent the week ends and two summers working with him in what we called the slums of New York. Eventually we came to Korea as missionaries, mainly through the result of a correspondence with Dr. Hall, and when we finally arrived on the field we spent our first two years in the same dwelling as the Doctors Hall. Finally, when he was called from us, I had the sad privilege of helping to watch at his bedside until the end.

The review of another person's life is of value to the extent that it is a guide to the better solving of life's problems, and an inspiration to better and nobler living. These contributory elements in the life of Dr. William James Hall have often stirred me to the endeavor of fathoming the sources of his influence and power for good.

Observing his seemingly effortless achievements in New York and on the mission field, the question forced upon one is, where did he get that wonderful technique; in what school did he find it, and at whose feet did his sit to learn it?

It is not difficult to trace his personal history from boyhood in Glen Buel, Canada, through school, college life, and medical school in New York City and finally to the mission field. Others with whom I was closely associated during these years traveled

an almost identical road to the mission field, but without having acquired those elements of greatness that William James Hall possessed.

Many years ago I was talking of this mystery with a very thoughtful friend and he made the remark that Dr. Hall had a genius for goodness. I rejected the explanation for two reasons. First, the inference was that a man must be a genius in order to attain such excellence in goodness, which is a statement that is terribly discouraging to many of us. Second, while admitting that he had a great capacity for goodness, to say it was because of his natural talents gave me a shock, as it seemed to eliminate the ethical part of that which I admired most in him. The remark had in it the thought that he possessed something that was not an attainment through the deepest of strivings.

I believe the technique of his wonderful service in the slums of New York City, and that made him almost unique in achievements on the mission field for a service of so short a period, was that which made the Old Testament prophets great and the Apostles seem unique, namely a complete surrender of his life to God.

There were abundant evidences of that fact as we observed him during those years. I recall that while I was in New York with him in city mission work he received one day, by telegram, the startling message from Glen Buel that his father was very sick. It was on a Saturday afternoon and he immediately took train for home. He reached Albany about midnight when he discovered that the hour of Sabbath was at hand. He got off the train and went to a hotel to keep

Sunday holy, as he understood it and spent the next twenty-four hours waiting, much of the time was spent on his knees. It is worthy of note that on arrival at Glen Buel the next day his father was much improved. It was a ruling principle of his life never to do violence to his conscience, believing that God would take care of the rest. If there was a debate in his mind whether a course of action was right or wrong he instantly rejected the matter for one that contained no debate.

We usually speak of a man who has attained an enviable self-control and poise as being master of himself. Dr. Hall, while manifesting the fact, on all occasions, that he held in captivity all his faculties, would not let others think that he himself was the master; he would say with Paul "It is not I but Christ that dwelleth in me."

I recollect a time when he was placed under a trial of the severest nature. I need not go into the details of it, except to say that it was of a character peculiar to the life and the associations of these early years in this land; where added to physical and mental exhaustion was a persistent, personal, harrassing relationship from which there seemed to be no escape. Out of the midst of it he said, "For ten years, even to this moment, there has been no cloud on my horizon." He had the power, while dwelling in turmoil and suffering, to live a life of calm. He could pass through the fiery furnace without the smell of fire on his garments.

I think I never associated closely with anyone whose experience conformed so completely with the injunction of the Scriptures, "Rejoice always;" very frequently he would say, at the close of a day, "This has been the best day of my life." "But Dr. Hall," someone replied, when hearing the remark, "You said the same last night, and the night before; how is that?" "O, yes," was the reply, "quite true, last night was the best and to-day was better, and I believe that tomorrow will be better than to-day." The statement was

made with a quiet assurance and was not a burst of a moment's exuberance.

I listened to a sermon preached by a renowned clergyman in New York many years ago, from the text, "He quickened us and raised us up with him and made us to sit with him in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." The preacher's translation of the Greek text was, "He makes us to sit with him in the Heavenlies". There is no better description of the life of Dr. William James Hall, he lived with the Master in the Heavenlies.

It would be wrong to conclude from that statement that he lived a life of detachment and introspection or that his testimony of a holy life was in any measure intolerant of others or of other men's opinions. His habits were essentially gregarious. He constantly sought the companionship of others, and, as Dr. Graham Lee once said to me, "To talk to him was a benediction". Other men's theological opinions, though directly opposite to his, he held in sacred respect.

We sometimes stand in awe of the intellectually great, and step aside for the man of social, industrial, or political power. But the man we admire is he of sound judgement, and who possesses what we all recognize as common sense. I have always felt that the interpretation so often made of the incidents that followed our Lord's transfiguration, namely: that it is necessary for us to come down out of the mount, down into the valley of the work-a-day world, leaving behind the heavenlies, was doing violence to the meaning of that lesson.

Dr. Hall took his abiding experience of spiritual exaltation into the homely affairs, the drudgery, if you please, of everyday living, which transformed the drudgery into the mountain experience. That experience was not attained through brilliant intellectualism.

I recollect that some months after we arrived in Korea, Dr. Hall said to me, "Let us go over and look at the roof of the Pai Chai school building; it's evidently in great need of repair". Those were the days when even

servants in your home would not carry an article on the street, if that article were large enough for others to see. The long coat sleeve hid many an article of humiliation and loss of the neighbor's respect. On examining the roof of Pai Chai building Dr. Hall said, "Now, here is a fine chance for you and me to give the people a lesson in the dignity of labor." With our overalls, mason's trowels, dirty hands and sweaty shirts we did not increase the respect of the people for the Western teacher. I can still hear my companion singing an old college song with a voice that could be heard a half mile away: "There is a hole in the bottom of the sea". Later he was wholly undisturbed when informed that the people called him "the coolie missionary." After those days of physical toil for the purpose of teaching the lesson of common sense, he would say "This has been the best day of my life!"

As were the great characters of Biblical history, mystics, so was he essentially so. The veil hanging between this world and the next seemed to him to be so unsubstantial and transparent that like Paul he would say, "For me to die is gain", "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ". "Yet", he would add, "It is far better to abide in the flesh that I may bring men to Christ." He had a passion for saving men; not a sentimental one but one that absorbed his energies, physically, mentally and spiritually. The depth and sincerity of his purpose had an astonishing influence on men. I called once at the home of a Jewish family in New York where Dr. Hall had rendered professional services, and was greeted with surprising cordiality. My host looked me over with evidently concentrated interest, "Who is this Dr. Hall?" he finally asked. "We Jews have long waited for the Messiah. Can it be that this is he?" The question startled me, then I reflected that anyone bearing the name of Christ should so live his life that Jew or Gentile observing him would see the Christ. The poor ignorant Jew had seen something of the Divine in this

humble servant of the Cross.

In February, 1893, Dr. Hall and I crossed the river Tai Tong into Pyengyang, the end of the first part of our journey to Wiju, on the Yalu River. He negotiated the purchase of the property which was represented by the site of the old Hall Memorial Hospital. Those were days when the massacre of the Roman Catholic missionaries and Church members was still fresh in the mind of the people, which gave tone to all that was said, and an atmosphere to the relationship we had with the officials and others. After the purchase of property in A-yang-kol we moved into that temporary dispensary building for the short time we were to remain in the city. This suggestion of permanency created alarm, and immediately rumblings of resentment were echoed about the city, which found early expression in a shower of stones when we went out on the street.

I can still see the troubled expression on his face as Dr. Hall came in one evening after a brief walk. I paused from the task of making an Irish stew for our supper, to hear him say, "Brother Noble, I don't think anything will happen". That was almost as startling to me as if he had said something was about to happen. Then in his practical way of doing things he continued, "Are you quite ready for death if it comes to us during the next few days? Perhaps the Lord will permit a sacrifice in order to open up this north country to the Gospel." I would not say that in his case there was no quickening of the pulse while contemplating the possibilities that lay ahead, but I do know that with him there was a peace and contentment with whatever might be his lot. His often repeated expression was, "God's will is my will."

Two weeks later we were in the city of Wiju and in due time learned that a sick man had been removed from the room we were to occupy during our stay of one week. About the time we were to leave Dr. Hall was asked to visit the sick man. When he returned he looked so grave I asked him what was the

matter. He said, "That sick man who was removed to give us a room is a typical case of small-pox." With him there was no spirit of panic or uneasiness, it was simply a matter of resigned faith. As he put it, "All things that come to us are for our best good".

We had spent weeks living on an unaccustomed diet of the poorest type, only found in the inns of those days. To me, the undernourishment, the long days of walking, the unsanitary inns, and the accumulating incidents represented by the above would have been extremely distressing, and his complacency and cheerfulness maddening, had it not been for his brotherly solicitude that never failed under any circumstances.

In this review I am leaving the incidents that surrounded Dr. and Mrs. Hall's first moving to Pyengyang—persecutions, imprisonment of helpers, and the heroism of those days—to others who I know will tell those tales.

In closing these remarks I want to give witness to the words I often heard from the lips of Koreans for years after Dr. Hall's death. They would look over the new arrival from the West, whether man or woman, missionary or business man, and say; "This one does not compare with Dr. Hall", or, "He seems to approach Dr. Hall in character". There could be no better praise than the latter remark.

It is fitting that we place this tablet in the church that stands on the site where Dr. William James Hall first organized our Church in North Korea. In the language of Scripture, "When your children shall ask their fathers in time to come what meaneth this? ye shall say, "This was one who gave his life that you might live."

BIBLE TEACHERS' CONFERENCE

From July 20-22 a Conference of Bible Teachers in High Schools was held at the Chosen Christian College. Seventeen schools were represented by some 28 delegates, and many visitors were added to this number. The entire range of mission and church schools, boys and girls, Methodist and Presbyterian, was covered.

Notes and Personals

Northern Methodist Mission

Birth

To Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Amendt, Kongju, a son, Gordon Cristie, on June 22nd.

United Church of Canada Mission

Returned from Furlough

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Burbidge, to Hoiryung.

Transfers at Annual Meeting

Miss M. Thomas from Sungjin to Hoiryung.
Rev. and Mrs. E. J. O. Fraser from Hoiryung to Sungjin.

The many friends of Dr. A. F. Robb will be glad to know that he is slowly convalescing at his home in Pyengyang.

Northern Presbyterian Mission

Returned to the United States

Miss Helen Bernheisel, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Bernheisel, Pyengyang, to Beaver College, Philadelphia.

Miss Ruth Reiner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Reiner, Pyengyang, to Beaver College, Philadelphia.

Mr. Donald Hirst, son of Dr. J. W. Hirst, Severance Hospital, Seoul, to Duke University, Durham, N. C.

Left on Furlough

Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Lampe and family, Syenchun.
Miss J. Delmarter, Seoul.

Birth

To the Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Livesay of Chairyung a daughter, Muriel, was born on July 18th, at Pyengyang.

Australian Presbyterian Mission

Left on Furlough

Miss S. M. Scott, Kuchang,
Rev. F. W. Cunningham, Chinju.

Southern Presbyterian Mission

The Rev. W. F. Bull has been given the D. D. degree by Hampden-Sydney College, Va.

Miss Frances Clark, daughter of Dr. W. M. Clark, Seoul, is spending the summer months with her family in Korea.

British & Foreign Bible Society

Mr. William Ralph Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Miller of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Seoul, was married to Miss Helen Putman, of York Harbour, Me., at Washington, D. C., on July 1st.

Southern Methodist Mission

Miss Sara May Anderson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Anderson, Seoul, to Emory Univ. Ga, U.S.A.

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